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# Saviors Of Our Time



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## Chapter 1 by Net Tourist

The stool creaked under the weight of the burly half-European who had collapsed onto it. The large drops of sweat on his face dried almost as soon as they appeared. He leaned against the wall, indifferent to the flies swarming around him. He was aching all over, and hadn't slept for hours, but he still had two more surgeries to perform. Beyond the stained door of the room was a restless throng of villagers, waiting for their turn. It was their noise that kept him and the others going. Every other surgeon around him was tired, but they knew that they had a responsibility to rid the village of greater miseries. He took in a few long breaths, and nodded at his team. His eyes moved to the surgery table, where another villager, cured of his woes, was peacefully unconscious. Perhaps, this was enough to motivate him a little more. He closed eyes for a few long seconds, before raising his head and shouting, "Next!"

The week before the volunteer services programme could not have prepared him for the grueling hours of medical treatment. In all honesty, Peter Everard was too old to be a mere volunteer in an Medical Aid Mission for the survivors of the war. After the fall of terrorism in the middle East, the UN immediately discharged as many services as possible for the rehabilitation of the survivors and the countless immigrants. Peter had put forward his name in

the application process for the medical aid mission, and was selected to be a part of the team.

He had been assigned to a small town in the middle of nowhere, where there were no hospitals or clinics. The town was built on a hillside, with houses and

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